

LEXINGTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

The Kidnapping Case.

We don't intend to reply to the loving effusions of the Commonwealth, about the harmonious good feeling which ought to prevail, in all parts of the Union, in reducing a man to slavery. All we say is, that if Algier, the agent of Mrs. Long, carried Jerry to Cincinnati, Jerry is a freeman. We will see whether Ohio is base enough to see her citizens reduced to slavery!

Twas Your Ox Gored Mine!

We give in another column "The Execution of Pauline," as related in the New Orleans Picayune. Here is a woman hung for doing what may be done with impunity by the Whites to any one of our three millions of Southern blacks! Justice in vain has been, in all ages, represented blind; for the looks upon a black skin, and use the cord of death, when the culprit were White, it would be an act neither condemned nor punished, if not sanctified by the Gospel of Christ!

Some subscriber has sent us a counterfeit ten dollar note, Lafayette bank of Cincinnati, letter B, No. 13,076. We can't imagine what extender of the "area of Freedom" wants to see our paper!

New Hampshire.

We like to see the soul of the poet on fire, it burns so gloriously. When thus lit up, its words speak in our blood with a thrill.

Whittier, of all our poets, has the power of putting his soul into song. It is because it is embedded with the love of liberty, and an intense hatred of slavery in every form. His Saxon words flow out naturally, and in terse, pithy sentences, he puts forth thoughts which make the heart throb again. He is freedom's poet.

The triumph of New Hampshire jumped with his mood. It was the land of Stark and Langdon and Allen. The best blood of the revolution had consecrated its mountain soil. But her sons had fettered themselves by self-ordained chains of slavery, the long bond vassal of the exulting South, until for very shame, they felt that their freedom must be regained. And they have regained it.

When the news was borne to the poet, that the granite mountains were freed from slavery's flag, once again, he thus greeted her in lofty and stirring strains:

God bless New Hampshire—from her granite peaks,
O'ercome the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
The long-sung strain of Freedom's South,
For every slave her self-ordained chains has broken.
Turn the black seal of slavery from her moor,
And in the clear tones of her old-time song:
Oh, all unadorned—still unadorned change!
The tyrannical power she never knew,
To all her bondage, from her mountain ranges,
New Hampshire thunders an old grand No!
Who is it now degrades? Oh, faint of heart,
Look upward to those northern mountains cold,
Flashed by Freedom's victor flag unrolled,
And gather strength to bear a manlier part.
All is not dead. The angel of God's blessing
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing
Cavaliers of all, and all the right.
Courage, then, Northern hearts—be firm, be true;
What our brave State hath done, can ye not do?

Slave-holding Madness and Fanaticism.

We call the attention of our readers to Mr. S. M.'s letter. It proves to what excess the human mind may reach, in a bad cause!

This man is surprised to see us "fighting against God" in attempting emancipation! Does not he know that thirteen states of this Union are free of slaves? Have they fought successfully against God? The majority of civilized nations have abolished slavery! Have they fought successfully against God?

M. contends that God cursed the sons of Canaan and put a black mark upon them that the world should know that whosoever the Lord curse, he will curse! What arrogant nonsense is this! Have not a majority of the slaves in the world been white? Where then is the mark of the curse? Are there not many colors—every shade, from white to black, and are not all, yes, every one, enslaved? How then can we know the accursed? The exhortation to servants or slaves to be obedient to their masters, is similar to the injunction to "be subject to the powers that be." Will any sane man therefore, submit to all iniquities and oppressions of government, under this command?

Was our revolution criminal? The spirit of the rule only must be kept in view. Well, if God wills slavery, according to M., till he thinks proper to change it, who can say but that he is now commencing the great work? Let M. take care lest he resist the will of God at his own hazard!

Such doctrines as held in this letter, and taught by learned Divines, makes God out the most merciless of tyrants, and fills our mad-houses with miserable lunatics!

Richmond Ky., April 24, 1816.
Ma. C. M. CLAY—Sir:

You surprise me to see you fighting against God—or do you expect to bless those whom God curses—or do you intend to alter or abolish the decrees of God at your will? When the old servant of God cursed his son Canaan, and told him that servants of servants be should be to his brethren; are you so presumptuous as not to be willing for the Lord's will to be done on Earth as it is in Heaven? Why, Sir, he has put a black mark upon him, that all the world should know that whosoever the Lord curses he will curse, and whosoever the Lord curses he will curse. And it is clear and plain that the Lord sanctions slavery, for when he came upon the earth and found them slaves, he never forbade it, but told the servants to be subject to their masters in all things. Now, Sir, it appears clear and plain that God intends them to be slaves, until he changes or alters his decrees. Let any man deny it, if he pleases—it will be at his own hazard. S. M. C. M. CLAY.

New Orleans Election.
D. Crossman, Whig, is elected Mayor over the regular Democratic nominee, and an Independent candidate. The vote stood:

D. Crossman (Whig), - - - 3,006
J. Guilot (Loco), - - - 2,746
Montguy (Independent), - - - 1,713
Recorder of the 1st Municipality—Genois.
" " 2d " Baldwin.
" " 3d " Suzenell.

By Authority.
The National Intelligencer thinks the following paragraph from the Richmond Enquirer may be entitled to some credit.

It is now said that the last steamer took out directions to our minister in London to inquire, through Lord Aberdeen, the precise views of the British Government, and whether Sir Robert Peel's allusion to the offer of the 49th parallel was intended to imply an approval of that line as a compromise; Mr. McLane being authorized to say that this Government would receive that proposition favorably.

"THE SPIRITUAL" is a neat sheet, published weekly at Louisville, Ky., by an association of practical printers—10 cents per week. Success to the laboring class.

The democrats have carried the city of New York to Mr. Charles Eddy.

Virginia Contingent

We love to hear of anti-slavery movements in the slave States. And more especially when those movements are based upon solemn convictions of duty, and deep religious sentiment.

There are flashes of feeling, wild impulses which come and go, when thoughts of liberty press upon the heart. These we value. For they tell us of untutored goodness, of generous sympathy, of kindling emotion, and of that burning fire which sets individuals and nations, sometimes, in the fiercest flames, while contending for freedom. But then, this feeling and these impulses are consumed by their very intensity, and too often leave the man, and the people, who are awayed by them, weak and powerless, from over action.

Not so it is, when men count the cost, and, measuring their responsibility to man and God, determine in their own minds, come what may, to resist slavery in every form. They stand ever unmoved by excitement, or mere impulse, and neither wear themselves out by over work, or slacken their efforts, in consequence of any depression from excess. Steady and strong, like men prepared for a hard and long journey, they look every evil fall in the face, and encounter peril and privation as if they were every day occurrences. Their whole moral framework is knit together, in such compact form, as to be to them an impervious coat of mail. Their courage is so patient and so invincible, that the tyranny of the law, and the mightier tyranny of society, cannot move them a jot from their holy and fixed purpose.

Of this character were the men of Marshall county, Virginia, who, in the fall of February, met at the house of Solomon Hendrickson, and organized by calling John Parkinson to the chair, and appointing Samuel Reed Sec., after solemn prayer being offered to Almighty God. They had been brought up amid slavery; some of them had been, and were, slave holders; but then and there they renounced the curse, and pledged themselves, each to the other, to do battle against it while life lasted. Solemnly they say:

Whereas God, the ruler of the universe, hath ordained civil magistrates to be under him, over the people, for his own glory and the public good, and hath said, in his word, "that rulers with men must be just, like unto God, the fear of God," truth, having co-evalness. And whereas, no slaveholder can possess these characteristics, from the simple fact that slaveholding is an ungodly aggression upon all the rights of man, denying him all right, even to his children, his wife, his own soul and body. And further, the wrath of Almighty God is pronounced against slaveholders, in these words "who unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong, that uses his neighbor's labor without wages, and giveth him thought for his work," therefore,

Resolved, That as citizens of a slaveholding state, we have entered into a warfare against slavery, because we believe it to be a sin against God, a sin, in which, by our social, political and ecclesiastical relations we are necessarily involved, because it is infinitely inalienable wrong upon 3,000,000 of our fellow beings, whom we are religiously bound to love as ourselves, and because it acts as a principle of corruption all over the country.

And because slavery hinders the prosperity of Virginia, disgraces her character, and jeopardizes all her rights; because she owes it to herself, to humanity, to freedom, to blot from her statute book the laws by which it is upheld; because the past and the present iniquity of this institution, encircled and emboded by custom and habit, by wealth and passion,—these men of Marshall are not only prepared for the conflict, "be it long or short," but they cordially, by setting up one of their number, John Bell, as a candidate for the Legislature at the election held on last Thursday. Noble example! If the friends of freedom in the different counties of Kentucky and Virginia would do likewise, we should have no mobs, and the intolerance and tyranny of slavery would be dashed to the earth, with unmitigated scorn and contempt. These freemen further avow.

That we believe with Washington, that "freedom ought to be secured by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law;" and concur with him, moreover, that "there is but one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; that is, by legislative authority;" pledging ourselves as did that good and great man, that as far as our suffrages will go, it is the accomplishment of that object that they shall not be waiting.

That we believe with Jefferson, that "the liberties of a nation cannot be thought secure, so long as slavery destroys their only foundation—the equality of all;" and that he only is a true lover of his country, who devotes all his political, moral and social energies to remove an element in our institutions, which obstructs liberty, and endangers the life of the nation.

That the land of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Randolph, and their worthy companions, should not be stained with the blood of oppression, nor be concerned in upholding a system of cruelty, violence and wrong, at total variance with the principles of her first born mighty men, who won honor for themselves, and renown for Virginia, by their devotion to civil liberty, and to the true interest of their country as well as to their own good names, as Virginians, to strive to wipe the foul blot from her escutcheon.

That here, as in Kentucky, "both parties are lost in overwhelming subservience to the slave power." We have no other way, as anti-slavery men from either, and therefore we have cut loose from both, and formed a Liberty party, whose great object is to accomplish freedom for the millions of our enslaved countrymen, and we ask the co-operation of our fellow citizens, assured that it is the only organization that can or will effect anything for the abolition of slavery.

Compelling us, they express the sincere desire, that some brave and gifted Virginian would rise up, and struggle to free his native state from the withering curse of slavery, and lead the standard of freedom and liberty to all. To such a one they pledge their support. And they call upon the freemen of Ohio, Brook, Tyler and Marshall, to unite with them in their holy effort. Let the call be answered! Let freemen arise, there shall be no longer a base submission to the tyrant slave power.

No State in the Union has a higher character than little Delaware. The country feels that she says what she means, and will do what she says.

We had occasion to visit that state not long ago, and to see her men and her women, and our impression of their worth was strengthened every way. Free from all pretension, yet possessed of a just self respect, they show themselves in public and private, by their acts, to be the friends of universal education and freedom. We look, therefore, for right action, whenever Delaware moves.

Nor are we disappointed. The Delaware Anti-Slavery Society met on the 10th and 11th of March, at Wilmington, Benjamin Webb, the Vice President, in the chair. A committee were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and while they were out, the chairman related the following case, which came under his own observation.

"Several years ago a free colored man in Maryland married a slave, and had become the father of several children, and the owner of a small farm; the owner of the slave lately addressed a letter to her husband, stating his intention to sell her, and asked if he wished to purchase to inform him, as he intended selling her immediately. The colored man since his marriage had paid a yearly sum as hire for his wife, who was a slave for a term of years only, and now wanted but about a year of being free. About a year previous to this, the slaveholder called on the colored man, and remarked coolly that he would just take his oldest daughter with him now, as she had become old enough to work, and accordingly seized her and carried her off; and she is now in his possession."

session. The man had just been in Wilmington soliciting aid to buy his own wife and children; he would probably succeed.

C. M. Burleigh addressed the meeting very ably, when the following officers were agreed upon: President, Thomas Garrett; Vice President, Benjamin Webb; Recording Secretary, Pennock Pussey; Corresponding Secretary, Edward Webb; Treasurer, Rachel Bassett; Managers, Chas. Canby, Abraham Allderice, Mary Richards, Jane Webb, and Anne Semple; Committee to circulate tracts, papers, &c., Elizabeth Taylor, Thomas Pugh, J. Walker and Alexander Stephens.

The business committee, consisting of Edith Pussey, Lea Pussey, Edward Webb, Pennock Pussey and Anne Semple, reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, that we recognize as a self-evident truth the doctrine "that all men are born free and equal," with the "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and therefore that whosoever denies these rights either by practice or profession, is necessarily false, and utterly unworthy the support or countenance of any true friend of human rights.

2. Resolved, That we have no war upon churches or governments as such; yet if they support the system of slavery, or throw obstacles in the way of emancipation, we cannot, as consistent friends of Freedom, render them our support.

3. Resolved, That the church, with its mighty influence, has power to abolish slavery in this State or Nation; and that if influence be not exerted for anti-slavery, we cannot but regard the church as deeply guilty.

4. Resolved, That we claim no right to prescribe rules of church government and fellowship, but in our demands of the church, we only ask that they shall consistently apply their own avowed principles to the sin of slavery.

5. Resolved, That although we feel a deep interest in the advance and progress of the cause of anti-slavery, we yet our first object is to have it abolished in our own State.

6. Resolved, That we cordially invite the co-operation of all persons who believe that the unrighteous system of slavery should be destroyed from amongst us, convinced as we are that this is the only way to secure the blessing of Providence, by which this great wrong can be undone.

Resolved, That we deprecate all acrimonious feeling, or language that implies it, against slave holders; that the war we wage is against the system which they uphold.

The first resolution was taken up for discussion. C. M. Burleigh asked if they had counted the cost, and were prepared to declare, and as consistent abolitionists, to refuse their support to all institutions in their midst, which denied to man his inalienable rights, not only by profession, but also by practice—he hoped they would not falter but remain faithful through all. He spoke at some length.

The discussion was continued by C. C. Burleigh, Benj. Webb, P. Pussey and others, in favor of the resolution, and by Rev. Nicholas Patterson, Cyrus Silvers, a slave holder, and others, in opposition to it. The resolution was adopted.

It is a goodly thing to know that free discussion exists in a slave state. The indomitable spirit of Delaware will hear no oppression which looks to perpetuation, or to the preventing of the fullest liberty of speech. Nor will they spare church or state if guilty of neglect on this great subject of human freedom. They know the wide spread desolation of the accursed system of slavery upon the religion and progress of the country, and will hold no fellowship with sanctimonious hypocrites, who in heaven's garb dare to palliate, or uphold it.

Rice and Blanchard's Debate on Slavery. CONTINUED REVIEW.

Mr. Blanchard's arguments as well as our own. We do not flatter ourselves that we can improve upon his refutation, but we may vary the mode, and thus reach various minds.

Mr. Rice attempts to avoid the conclusions of abolitionism by putting the extreme case, that the slave has a right to regain his liberty by flight or force. Now we never shrink from conclusions which follow upon justice and right. We say the slave has the same revolutionary ultimatum that all other men have—the same that our fathers of 1776 had. But we know it would not be expedient for the American slave to resort to the ultimate remedy. He would be re-matched, and the consequences would be disastrous to white and black. As a member of a slave state, bound up in its welfare, and identified in interest with the whites, we should not hesitate to resist a slave insurrection. Though we are free to confess that, were we a member of a free State, with our family and relatives and friends, and clear of the United States Constitution, we should not feel ourselves bound to fight the battles of the oppressor. This argument of Mr. Rice illustrates the fable of the ox, the farmer, and the lawyer. When Mr. Rice's ancestors were gored in the cause of liberty and self-government, we heard nothing of this shuddering at the horrid crime of self-indignation! This is not a pleasant subject to us. It is one which we have ever abhorred, and since Mr. R. has voluntarily put it in print, we have answered it fully, as we do not intend to slur any of his arguments, least of all, those which we deem most powerful!

Mr. R. denies that the Bible authorizes physical resistance to tyranny; we think differently, and there's an end of it. There is not, and never has been, a nation on earth that does not act upon the principle of self-defense. And if any tyranny under Heaven warrants resistance, the America slave system is the thing! If Mr. Rice is right, then were Washington and Madison and Adams and Franklin and Jefferson and their compeers murderers; and, by his construction of Christianity, the present recipients of eternal damnation—for they did cover with blood, and with consciences glorifying in their perpetrations!

We do not agree with Mr. B. that the duty of Abolitionists crosses before the black is entitled to political equality. On the contrary, we must either yield up the Republican theory, that a majority, under constitutional restrictions, must rule, or we must recognize the only other alternative, that the bayonet is the only proper source of power! Now since Mr. Rice denies the latter as Christian, will he be so kind in his great wisdom as to give us a substitute for the first? For however much he may use the Greek and Hebrew, to gild his followers, the world will hardly be held in check by cant, prestiges, and syllogisms! As to this question about naturalization, it may be summed up in a few words. Every man, as soon as he becomes a bona fide inhabitant of a country for life, should have a right to assist in the government of the country. Aliens and denizens, not being compelled to fight or pay taxes, should not be allowed to vote. This may seem radical ground; but it is right and therefore safe. It is only hoary error and usurpation, in Church or State, which fear first principles, and their stern application!

We content ourselves with stating these collateral questions in a concise manner, as a book would not be too much for their full discussion.

Mr. R. acquiesces whenever slavery practically is held up to view. He never necessities for abstraction; when he can't get that, he goes back to his favorite marriage and parental relation! Why this nonsense! It is just as good a plea to cry out against God for giving us existence because we may be murdered! Existence, marriage, and children, are good things, but not free from the abuse of bad men. Slavery is not good even when free

from abuse. Yes, in its most simple form, "slavery in itself," to us, is the sum of all evils, for they may take away marriage and parents and even existence, but leave us, while life does last, our liberty!

But give Mr. R. the full benefit of his *lindo* marriage, and we would say, sooner than the widow should be put to death on the desecration of her husband, let marriage perish from the face of the earth! So of slavery, sooner than have it, with its ever attendant abuses, let it perish! How, then, has his shallow sophistry advanced him?

Nothing is more true than that a man may swallow a camel and strain at a gnat! Mr. R. admits that "speculating" in human beings is damnable. Let us see. A comes upon me and robs me of my liberty; B. comes and buys me and sells me to C. for a profit; what man injures me most? Answer conscience, answer reason, answer slave! Of course A. is the greater enemy! If A. takes all my goods by robbery, and B. speculate upon them, which is most criminal! Of course A. Because it becomes a matter of utter indifference to me whether A. B. or C. have them, so they pass beyond my control. But a man's liberty was more than property; a fortiori, then, much more is the slave trader more virtuous than the slave holder! Nay, if a slave trader, denouncing slavery as a crime, and refusing to own slaves, was to confine his trade at home, and to whole families, selling from a bad master to a good one, we should place him infinitely above Mr. R. the slaveholder and defender of slavery! But Mr. R. admits slave trading to be "in itself sinful," ergo, slaveholding, or "slavery in itself sinful," *q. r. n.*

The time is at hand when the white cravat and the black gown, and the slave collar, shall be classed together in the detestation of mankind, unless the Bible defenders of slavery be stripped of the sheep's clothing, that men may discriminate and see who it is that dare desecrate the temples of the living God, and turn its heavenly fold into a charnel house of blood, despair and death!

Mr. R. here admits that slavery is daily becoming more tolerable in all the South! Indeed! The chain is not tightened, then, as he alleged in his first speech, by discussion and denunciation! The Bible, he tells us, has done the work! It has, in spite of its recent guardians, stood a living fire wasting away the bulwarks of time honored oppression! Give us the Bible, and Heaven speed the day when its truth priests shall be sent scudding across Mason's and Dixon's line, "like squirrels with the wind in their tails!" It has done enough to flee from duty, but doubly infamous to make our cowardice the bulwark of oppression and woe!

Mr. Rice, in connection with Mr. B.'s remark that *partus arguitur ventrem*, and that slavery places human beings among the cattle, admits that if this is true, slavery is detestable! Now if Mr. Rice can cite a single State in the Union where a slave is better protected by law than "cattle," we yield the whole ground! He cannot! Shall the world hear it! The virtue of the brute creation is better protected than that of the human race! No, Mr. Rice, the slave is not placed "among cattle," but below them; whilst as a being of consciousness and immortal nature, his condition is as far below the beast of the field under a bad though *law-abiding* master, as the earth is below the heavens!

To place a slave among the brutes is detestable—to place him below the brutes, is a priori, Mr. R. loves a syllogism! more detestable! If one is sinful, the other is altogether sinful! *q. r. n.* And over this damnable system, if we do not run as such seeking love, Mr. R. does not see but that it would be very right to murder us! And yet he preaches non-resistance! Out upon such Janus-faced morality!

"The Christians of the South are waking up to a sense of their obligation to have the gospel of Christ proclaimed to the slave as well as to the master." Alas, alas! so much the worse for them! better never hear of God, than to know him as an unrelenting and cruel tyrant! *q. r. n.*

"A free slave, a child without a care, whose moral life and monetary life lights to the grave his chance-crafted form, as ocean's wrecks illumine the storm!"

Give us our ignorance, our sufferings, our crimes, but for heaven's sake, destroy not all hopes of a God of justice and mercy, and rest beyond the grave!

Mr. Rice says comfort from the saying of a revered Monsieur Griffin, who did "not see that the efforts in favor of immediate emancipation have effected any thing but the chains of the poor slave!" Now, if slavery be right, the tighter the chain is riveted the better—God forbid that the wrong should break loose! And if slavery be of God, why "poor slave!" It is plain that the revered Monsieur Griffin was rather a transparently weak brother and short of sight! If the blind led the blind, they will surely fall into the ditch together!

We are glad to get safely past Mr. R.'s complaints of want of something tangible in Mr. B. to his third proposition. There are revivals of religion in slaveholding churches, and slaveholders are accepted of God, but God accepts no sinners—therefore slaveholders are no sinners! There is a form of logic called *petitio principii*—begging of the question; but this syllogism is most too strong even for logic! The boys have a better nonenature; they would call it "coming the giraffe!" The small snob would illustrate it by putting thumb on nose and twisting somewhat significantly the four digits. The Rounders would denounce it as "fiery fancy," and some very grave and respectable magistrates, whom we know, would content themselves after this sort, "non compos nititur!" We have done.

Diotho, a parsing word! You are in a bad cause—ba! warned!

"Ah Tam! ah Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin, in hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!"

Territorial Aggrandizement.

When the passion for increase of territory seizes upon a people, there is scarcely a possibility of arresting it. It will run its course. For the last eighteen years the spirit of territorial aggrandizement has been growing in our country, until it has become the ruling spirit of the Government, and of the people. The endeavor to check it has been made, but it has failed. And it has failed under circumstances which render further resistance hopeless. For what, indeed, have we been struggling for territorial aggrandizement! To perpetuate slavery. That was the beginning and the end of it. And yet, a majority of the free States gave their support to the extension of empire, for this unconstitutional and detestable object!

To say, then, that this passion is wrong—to decline against it, may do very well, but it will never reach it, and our only hope is that it may be turned to good account. If, in extending our territory, we could extend the principles of freedom; if narrowing the bounds of slavery, on the one hand, we could enlarge the bounds of constitutional liberty on the other, no man would object. It would be but carrying out the charter given by God to Adam: multiply and replenish the earth. And if this extension is made South, upon the basis of slavery, it must be made South on the basis of freedom, to hold the slave power in check, or to prevent it from obtaining entire and absolute control over the Government of the country.

Says Gov. Seward, in a late letter addressed to the people of Chautauque, under date of March 31st:

The evils of the compact have become intolerable. The free States, increasing in population and wealth, seventy-five per cent. more than the slaveholding States, have fallen into the hands of a despotic minority. The interests are sacrificed at home, and betrayed abroad. We have reached a new stage in our National career. It is that of Territorial aggrandizement.

Extended jurisdiction is an element of National strength, if the moral condition of the people be sound of National weakness, if that condition be unsound. Slavery has impoverished the States where it exists, so much, that they are incapable of ending schools, maintaining mails, constructing roads, or supporting armies. With principles in regard to revenue which always present the General Government from establishing proper defenses, the slaveholding States are ready apologists in every case of foreign injustice and aggression. The People have instructed the President to maintain the American title to the whole of Oregon. The President thereupon requires the consent of Congress for proper notice to Great Britain. Congress debates and hesitates until the effect of the notice is altogether lost. It is slavery that "doth make cowards of us all," and finally, New York, without a disinterested citizen or subject within her borders, would be stronger alone than all the twenty-eight States. Massachusetts defied England seventy years ago. She has only one statesman who would dare to commit her to such a conflict now, and he belongs to the revolutionary age, rather than to this.

I want no war—I want no enlargement of territory, sooner than it would come if we were contented with "masterly inactivity." I shall war, as I do, for the sake of the principle, and not for the sake of the continent that remains to be annexed. I cannot exclude the conviction that the popular passion for territorial aggrandizement is irresistible, and that it will gain strength by its subjugation. An American army is hovering over New Mexico. An American army is at the heart of what Mexico, let the Oregon question be settled when it may, it is destined to roll its resolute waves to the very barriers of the North, and to encounter oriental civilization on the shores of the Pacific. The monarchs of Europe are to have no rest, while they have a colony to feed, and a market to supply. France has already sold out; Spain has sold out. The British have long been engaged in following their example. It behooves us, then, to qualify ourselves for our mission. We must drive our destiny. We can do this, and only this, by the early measures which shall effect the abolition of slavery, without prejudice, without oppression, without injustice to slaveholders, without civil war, with the consent of mankind, and the approbation of heaven. The restoration of the right of self-defense to the slave, is the first act, and will draw after it in due time, the sublime catastrophe of emancipation.

True, most true! "An American navy is hovering over New Mexico." Ay, and that city, and the province in which it is situated, are ready to plant our standard on its soil, and put itself under our protection. "An American army is at the heart of what Mexico." Yes, truly, for its now in possession of Metamoras, and is but on the road to California! And new territory is annexed South, as needed it is—the giant curve of slavery will be planted on its soil, unless firm resolve that their interest shall not be sacrificed at home or betrayed abroad. And how may this be done? Let us multiply free States in the West, send out our hardy pioneers into the forest, and subjugate the earth, until, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there may be one tier of commonwealths wherein the foot of slavery shall never tread, and whose combined power shall be exerted for its suppression at home and abroad.

It does behoove us, then, to qualify ourselves for our mission, "to qualify ourselves 'to dare our duty,'" and, as the first step in that qualification, the public voice should demand, first, the restriction of slavery within its old bounds, and secondly, its abolition within these bounds. No other means will save us. In no other way can the American government stand, or the American people be the propagandists of an enlarged constitutional liberty.

Christian Slave-holders Abroad.

We give the following extracts from Herman Melville's work upon Polynesian Life. The reason why it is not necessary to send the bible to the South, is, they are already enslaved.

The foreign business is more profitable! Girls, where are your Sewing Societies! Your foreign "keepers of the poor" need horse-coverts!

"Look at Honolulu, the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands!—a community of dissipated merchants, and devoted, self-exiled heretics of the Cross, located in the very spot that twenty years ago was defiled by the presence of idolatry. What a subject for an eloquent libel-meeting orator! Nor has such an opportunity been allowed to pass by unimproved! But when these philanthropists and us such glowing accounts of one half of their labors, why does their modesty restrain them from publishing the other half of the good they have wrought? Not until I visited Honolulu was I aware of the extent to which the natives had been civilized into draught-horses, and evangelized into beasts of burden. But so it is. They have been literally broken into the traces, and are harnessed to the vehicles of their spiritual instructors like so many dumb brutes!"

There is a multitude of similar exhibitions that I saw; I shall never forget a robust, red-fac'd, and very lady-like personage, a missionary's spouse, who, day after day, for months together, took her regular sittings in a little gallery, drawn by two of the islanders, one an old man, the other a woman, and the young man, sitting, both being, with the exception of the figure, as naked as when they were born. Over a level piece of ground this pair of draught-horses would go with a shambling, unsightly trot, the younger lugging back all the time his own heavy load, while the old hack plodded on and did all the work.

"Rattling along through the streets of the town in this stylish equipage, the lady looks about her as magnificently as any queen driven to her coronation. A sudden elevation, and a sandy road, however, soon disturbs her serenity. The small wheels become embedded in the loose soil—the old stager stands tugging and sweating, while the young one frisks along and does nothing—not an inch does the elderly holder. All the time the young lady who has left friends and home for the good of the souls of the poor heathen, will she think a little about her bodice and get out and see the wretched old man until the ascent is mounted! Not she; she could never dream of it. To the contrary, she used to think nothing of driving the rows to pasture on the old farm in New England; but times have changed since then. So she bawls out, 'Hookee! hookee!' (pull, pull!) The old gentleman, frightened at the sound, looks away harder than ever, and the young one makes a great show of straining himself, but takes care to keep one eye on his mistress, in order to know when to dodge out of harm's way. At last the good lady loses all patience; 'Hookee! hookee!' and ran, gave the heavy hand of her huge fan over the naked skull of the old savage; while the young one shies to one side and keeps beyond its range. 'Hookee! hookee!' again she cries—'Hookee! hookee!' (pull, pull!) strong, indeed—but all in vain, she is obliged to stop, and dismount, and, necessarily, actually to walk to the top of the hill.

"At the town where this paragon of humility resides, is a spacious and elegant American chapel, where divine service is regularly performed. Twice every Sabbath, the most close of the exercises, may be seen a score or two of little wagons ranged along the railing in front of the edifice, with two squalid footmen in the liveries of nakedness, standing by each, and waiting for the dismissal of the congregation to draw their superiors home."

Liberty.

News from Africa has been received, in New York, as late as the 11th of February.

The Liberia Methodist Conference closed its annual session January 12th. The meeting was very harmonious.

The Luminary of Jan. 13, contains the message of Gov. Roberts to the legislature. It is as long as the messages of some American governors, and will compare favorably with them in point of ability.

The chief topic dwelt upon, is the encroachment of the British authorities, and the denial of the sovereignty of his colony. The governor insists, with great earnestness and force, that the colony possess all the rights of an independent government. The colony is represented to be in a prosperous condition. Efforts are in progress to extend

the colonial territory. The schools, the condition of the poor, the judiciary, the militia, and other local topics, are briefly noticed. The governor speaks in very decided terms of opposition to the traffic in ardent spirits, and recommends that the duties on all spirituous liquors be raised to 100 per cent., and that no license be given to retailers for less than \$100. Of the liberated slaves of the Pons, he says:

"I beg to call your attention to the propriety of adopting some special regulations in regard to the employment and management of those so-called Africans, who have been recently landed in the colony from the slave-ship 'Pons.' They are mostly young persons, who, if proper attention be paid to their training, may soon be brought into habits

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the True American,
The Autumn Leaf.
By Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm.

Who gave thee all this gorgeous dye,
That fall'st autumn leaf, why
Why dost thou, given sunset skies,
To deck a life so brief?
Thou'rt fallen from the losing bough,
Where thou hast lived all day,
Amid the sparkling sunlight,
Thy sisters all at play;
Where thou hast loved thyself to hear
The carol of bird and bee,
The beating of the breezy dows,
And losing of the breeze.
Thou'rt lost to all this bright and true,
Which decked thee at thy birth;
And 'mid the dark and lowly life,
Here on the dusky earth,
When thy sisters are in sombre brown,
Beholding Nature's fall,
Why wear'st thou these brilliant robes,
And weep'st not thy fall!

Lady, and seem'st it then so strange,
The fallen should look bright!
Does not God paint the lowliest,
With His penning of light?
When souls have lost that purity
At the coming of dawn,
He gave a robe of righteousness
With far more hues of heaven;
When thou meet'st a fallen sister,
Look kindly on her then—
Thou'rt met that heavenly one remain,
When the keen fates have been;
And He who paints the fallen leaves,
May've look'd down from above,
And tinged her soul with such rich hues,
Repentance, faith, and love.

Oh! take me to thine own kind home,
And press me closely round,
With shifting leaves, and leave me not
To perish here where I am found.
So shall my bright hues cheer thine eye,
When all is drear and cold.
Shelter me from the storm, and save
My orange, crimson, gold,
Lift thou that fallow, and shield
From Earth's cold, withering frown—
So may'st thou bring a priceless gem
To deck thy Savior's crown.

From the Democratic Review for April.
Songs of Labor—No. IV.

THE SHIP BUILDERS.
The sky is ruddy in the East,
And spectral in the river mist;
Our face, white with the foam of
Up!—let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin:
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pine!

Hark!—roars the bellow, blast on blast,
The noisy smithy rings;
And fire-brands ring far and fast,
Are falling with the hammer's sound.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing force;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groning anvil scourge.

Ge-e-up!—Ge-e-ho!—The parting team
For us is tugging near;
For us the rattling down the stream
Their island barges draw;
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nohler toil than ours
No craftsman here a part:
We make of Nature's giant power
The slaves of human art.
Lay to in life, and beat to the beam,
And drive the tunnels free;
Nor fearless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough hand shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall dip
With swelling caught below—
That ship must live, her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peck—
The sunken keel and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea!
Look!—how she sails!—down the grooves
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves,
Sinks down her virgin bow!

God bless her, wherever the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside from frozen horizons,
Or entry Hindostan's;
Whether, in mist or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of Commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her rocky hold within.
No Indian drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours,
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be her's the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-glory;
Her pathway o'er the Eastern main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

The Song of the Spade.
All honor be paid to the homely spade—
The sword and the battle-axe;
To the king in his pride and his subjects beside,
Its tribute the spade of the husbandman brings.
A bright thought from heaven to the tiller was
Given,
When first turned up to light the soil richly
brown:
God told in the blast, how the seed should be
cast:
See the first yellow grains by the husbandman
sown!
See the first harvest-morn, and the ripe yellow
corn,
And the first crooked sickle thrust into the grain!
With dancing and singing the valleys are ringing,
For all that the spade has raised out of the plain.

Then all honor be paid to the conquering spade—
The sword and the battle-axe;
To the king in his pride and his subjects beside,
Its tribute the spade of the husbandman brings.
J. G.

SELECTIONS.
Napoleon—His Marriage with Josephine
and Coronation.
By M. THIERS.

The eve of that grand solemnity now ap-
proached; that is to say, the 1st of Decem-
ber, Josephine, who had found favor with
the Holy Father by a kind of devotedness
much akin to that of the women of Italy,
Josephine sought an interview with him, to
make an avowal which she hoped to turn
to good account. She declared her fears
in regard to her marriage to Napoleon, as
at the time of her marriage, religious cere-
monies were abolished.

The very throne presented a strange
specimen of the manners of the time. Na-
poleon had put an end to the state of things
for his sister, the princess Murat, by pre-
siding the Cardinal Caprara to give her the
nuptial benediction; but he had not chosen

to do the same for himself. The Pope,
sanctified by a situation which, in the
eyes of the Church, was a more consecra-
tion, instantly demanded an interview of
Napoleon, and to that interview, declared
that he could very well consecrate him,
for the state of the consciences of emperors had
never been inquired into by the Church,
when they were to be crowned, but that
he could not, by crowning Josephine, give
the divine consecration to a state of con-
secration. Napoleon, irritated against Joseph-
phine for this interested revelation, fearing
to offend the Pope, whom he knew to be
inflexible in matters of faith, and moreover,
unwilling to alter a programme which had
already been published, consented to re-
ceive the benediction. Josephine, sharply
reprimanded by her husband, but delighted
by her success, received, on the night pre-
ceding her coronation, sacrament of the mar-
riage in the chapel of the Tuilleries.

It was Cardinal Fesch, having M. de Talley-
rand and Marshal Berthier as witnesses,
who, with the most profound secrecy, mar-
ried the Emperor and Empress. The secre-
cy was faithfully kept until the epoch of
the divorce. On the following morning,
the reddened eyes of Josephine still bore
testimony of the tears which these inward
agitations had cost her.

On Sunday, the 2d of December, a cold,
but clear winter's day, that population of
Paris, which forty years later, we had seen
crowding in similar weather, toward the
mortal remains of Napoleon, hurried to see
the passing of the imperial cortege. The
Pope first set out at 10 o'clock in the morn-
ing, and much earlier than the Emperor,
in order that the two corteges should not
hinder each other. He was accompanied
by a numerous body of clergy, attired with
the most costly ornaments, and escorted by
detachments of the imperial guard. A richly
decorated portico had been erected all
around the Place Notre Dame, to receive,
at their descent from the carriages, the sov-
ereigns and Princes who were to proceed to
the ancient basilic. The archbishop, adorned
with a luxury worthy of the guests it
was to shelter, was arranged so that the
Pope and the Emperor could rest there for
an instant.

After a brief stay, the Pope entered the
church, where for several previous hours
there had been assembled the deputies of
the towns, the representatives of the magis-
tracy and of the army, the sixty bishops
with their clergy, the Senate, the Legisla-
tive body, the Council of State, the Princes
of Nassau, Hesse and Baden, the arch
Chancellor of the German Empire, and
lastly, the ministers of different powers. The
great doors of Notre Dame had been closed,
because the back of the imperial
throne was placed against it. The church
therefore was entered by the side doors, sit-
uated at the two extremities of the travel-
lance. When the Pope, preceded by the
cross, and by the ensigns of the suc-
cessor of St. Peter, appeared within that
ancient basilic of St. Louis, all present rose
from their seats, and five hundred musicians
played in solemn strains, and a consorted
choir, *Te Deum*. The effect of the display
was instant and sublime. The Pope pro-
ceeded at a slow pace, direct to the altar,
before which he knelt, and then took his
place on the throne that had been prepared
for him at the end of the altar. The sixty
prelates of the French church presented
themselves in succession to salute him.
To each of them, constitutional or not, his
countenance was equally benevolent. The
arrival of the imperial family was now
awaited. The church of Notre Dame was
decorated with unequalled magnificence.
Hangings of velvet sprinkled with golden
bees, descended from the roof to the pave-
ment. At the foot of the altar stood two
plain arm chairs, which the Emperor and
Empress were to occupy before their crowning.
At the west end of the church and
opposite to the altar, raised upon twenty-
four steps, and placed upon columns which
supported a pediment, stood an immense
throne, a sort of monument within a monu-
ment, intended for the Emperor when
crowned, and his wife. It was the cus-
tom in both the Roman and French ritual.
The monarch did not set himself upon the
throne until he had been crowned by the
Pontiff.

They now waited for the Emperor,
and waited for a considerable time. "This
was the only disagreeable circumstance in
this grand solemnity. The position of the
Pope, during this long delay, was painful.
The fear of the director of ceremonies lest
the two corteges should happen to meet, was
the cause of this delay. The Emperor and
Empress waited in a carriage completely
enclosed by glass, surrounded by gilt gen-
tlemen, bearing a crown, a popular carriage in France,
and always recognised by the Parisians when
it has appeared in subsequent ceremonies.
He was attired in a costume designed by
the greatest painter of the day, and very simi-
lar to the costume of the sixteenth century.
He wore a plumed hat and a short mantle.
He was not to assume the imperial costume
until he reached the Archbasilic, and at
the moment of entering the church. Escor-
ted by his Marshals on horseback, he pro-
ceeded slowly along the Rue St. Honoré,
the Quay of the Seine, and the Place Notre
Dame, amidst the acclamations of immense
crowds delighted to see their favorite Em-
peror, as though he had not himself achieved
this with his exalted passions, and his
warlike heroism, and as if some touch of a
magic wand had done it for him.

Napoleon arrived at the portico we have
already described, alighted from his ear-
riage, proceeded to the Archbasilic, took
the crown, the sceptre, and the imperial
robe, and directed his course to the cathed-
ral. Beside him was borne the grand
crown, in the form of a tiara, and modeled
after that of Charlemagne. After this first
stage of the ceremony he wore only the
crown of the Caesars, namely, a simple
golden laurel. All adorned that noble head,
noble beneath that golden laurel, as some
antique medallion. Having entered the
church to the sound of pealing music,
he knelt, and then passed on to the arm
chair which he was to occupy previous to
taking possession of the throne.

The ceremony then commenced. The
sceptre, the sword, and the imperial robe,
had been placed upon the altar. The Pope
anointed the Emperor on the forehead,
the arms, the hands, then blessed the sword,
with which he girded him, and the sceptre
which he placed in his hand, and approached
to take up the crown. Napoleon, who had
watched his movements, now, as he had
promised, settled the difficulty by firmly
though not violently, seizing the crown and
placing it on his own head. "This action,"
which was perfectly appreciated by all
present, produced an indescribable effect.
Napoleon, then, taking the crown of the
Empress, approached Josephine, as she
knelt before him, and placed it, with visible
tenderness, upon the head of the partner of
his fortunes, who at that moment raised her
eyes to his, and at every step on the path
of life—no more in metaphysical theories
to embarrass what baffles research. We
sometimes, it is true, meet men who are
like graven images of man; beings

whose clay seems to have been kneaded
with some indurating essence, that hardens
them against the susceptibilities of human-
ity. Individuals of that stamp may display
power, they never can reach to greatness.

CHARACTERS OF MACBETH AND RICHARD
III.—The leading features in the character
of Macbeth are striking enough, and they
form what may be thought, at first, only a
bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing
it with other characters of the same author,
we shall perceive the absolute truth and
identity which is observed in the midst of
the giddy whirl and career of events. Thus,
he is as distinct a being from Richard III.
as it is possible to imagine, though these
two characters, in common hands,
would have been a repetition of the same
general idea, never all the less, however.

For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers,
—both aspiring and ambitious,—both cru-
el, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is
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beth becomes so from accidental cir-
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formed in body and mind, and as naturally
incapable of good. Macbeth is full of the
"milk of human kindness," is frank, soci-
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mission of guilt by golden opportunities,
by the instigations of his wife, and by
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of horror at the thoughts of the murder of
Duncan, which he is with difficulty pre-
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what they should adorn. It is good to
laugh at that worst of vulgarities which is
always dressing to be thought vulgar, and
fearing to array itself in a graceful and
becoming garb, lest its solid qualities should
be taken for mere glitter. He is a shallow
philosopher who is frightened at the thought
of being taken for a coxcomb, and dresses
meanly to denote the greatness of his
mind. The copper of the miser is not
valued for the display of the miser's greed,
but for the display of the miser's greed.

All grand disdain of trifles is a symptom
of littleness, and an affected attempt of fair
argument is the most pitiful of all affectations.
The "goodly outside" is excellent when
not falsely assumed, but the worst natural
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tious.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—If young
women waste their time in trivial amuse-
ments, in the prime season for amusement,
which is between the ages of sixteen and
twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly
the loss when they come to feel themselves
inferior in knowledge to almost every one
they converse with; and above all, they
should ever be mothers, when they feel
their inability to direct and assist the
pursuits of their children, they will then
find ignorance a severe mortification and a
real evil. Let it animate their industry, and
let not a modest opinion of their capacities
be a discouragement to their endeavors after
knowledge. A moderate understanding,
and diligent and well directed application,
will go much further than a more lively ge-
nius, if attended with that impudence and
inattention which too often attend quick
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man, or for the task of instructing or
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intellectual improvement; by this neglect,
the loss of the sincerest of pleasures, which
would remain when almost every other
deprived them, and which would be a
comfort and resource in almost every pos-
sible situation in life.—*Con. Journal.*

HINT TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.—How often
do our housekeepers dolefully exclaim,
lifting their bright eyes to great perplexity,
"What shall we have for dinner?" The
question is easily settled for once, but the
constant daily repetition of it, drives them
into a quandary which it is difficult to
avoid, and extremely vexatious to endure.
We believe our fair friends allow that a
change and variety of dishes at different
meals, give greater satisfaction than a mon-
otonous continuance of the same food, how-
ever excellent it may be. Set you down,
therefore, pen in hand, and compose a ta-
ble of the meals of each day for two weeks,
endeavoring if possible not to have the
same article repeated more than once or
twice during that time. In selecting your
dishes the season must be somewhat con-
sulted, and those most appropriate chosen.
Follow strictly this table; when finished,
commence it again, and, when you are
dishes will come up at every step on the
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